**Tables & Desks (#HardAtWorkChallenge)**

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# Tables & Desks (#HardAtWorkChallenge)

by TigerPrawn


Summary

Another dream about the Sarmation Knights has Will eager to try something that he is sure Hannibal has been fantasising about for quite some time.

Sequel to Past and Future Designs but can be read as a standalone one shot.


Notes


Massive thanks to queen of the betas Llewcie!

It had started this time with a smile. A smile that Galahad was rarely able to resist. They had done this before, not so brazenly then - sneaking around in the middle of the night, not immediately after a meeting when anyone might return and walk in. This time, an excuse made to remain in the table chamber when everyone else left.

Galahad joked about the table being sacrosanct. Tristan returned that their heathen Gods would approve - and the fact that the god of Roman Christians would not made it all the more appealing.

Galahad watched the door, for he knew Tristan would not. And despite this table being the place where they discussed matters of training and war alike, Galahad found it painfully arousing to be taken by Tristan across it.

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Will woke with a painfully hard erection. That was the first indication that he'd had another dream about *his knights* as Hannibal called them, before the memories of the dream came flooding in. He turned his head and groaned into the pillow, practically assaulted by the images. The knights that reminded him so much of Hannibal and himself, fucking on the Round Table. A titillating sort of obscene.

He had put it from his mind when he got out of bed. Hannibal already downstairs cooking breakfast, he had wanked in the shower for nothing more than release before joining his partner.

It had been almost exactly six months since their relationship had become intimate. Sexual. Some *encounters* were easier than others - Will wasn't always in the right headspace - but generally he enjoyed the casual intimacy they had acquired. He liked feeling wanted, loved. He liked the mornings when they woke in each other's arms and the nights when they curled over on each other. In some respects he liked that more than the sex. Sex he could live

without, but the comfort of someone *being* there for him, someone he wanted to be there for him, was something he needed.

The sex, mostly, wasn't penetrative. For some reason, Will found it completely unsurprising that Hannibal gave the best blowjobs he'd ever experienced. And from Hannibal's reaction, he was sure he wasn't too bad either. And it had not been hard to admit he enjoyed it. He didn't think he would, but there was something so intimate, so much control and power in having someone's dick in your mouth. The thought of Hannibal's cock at his mercy to bite off or not, was in itself arousing and not lacking in a certain irony. When the sex had been penetrative, more often than not Will had fucked Hannibal; he could count on one hand the times their roles had been reversed. And not for any dislike of the act. Will had actually found anal sex pleasurable - Hannibal, again, certainly knew what he was doing and it hadn't taken him long to work out and press all of Will's buttons. It was the preparation that was the issue. Will often preferred spontaneous sex, when the mood took him. As pleasurable as being fingered could be, he was too impatient for it, so penetrative sex was rare. When it did happen it was usually initiated by Hannibal who had often taken the liberty of preparing himself first, knowing that would increase the chances of Will being up for what appeared to be, though obviously wasn't, a spontaneous bout. Will was not going to complain about it. He loved fucking Hannibal. Where the blowjobs held some weird sort of power, sex was almost the opposite - when he was inside Hannibal, he felt surrounded by the man, it felt like he was giving himself over to him. And Hannibal took all he would give. It felt strangely right and complete - blurred.

So, it was mostly blowjobs and handjobs, both of which - with varying levels of intimacy depending on the situation, were more than adequate for Will. It was only the almost predictable frequency at which Hannibal encouraged Will to take him, that let Will know Hannibal could only get so far on non-penetrative sex. In the spirit of honesty, Hannibal had told him as much, even admitted that it was because of Will. That sex was something he could often been fully satisfied without, but that his utter and complete desire for Will consumed him. Will had blushed; something Hannibal seemed to be able to cause a lot more than he would like.

Now Will sat beside Hannibal, Hannibal's hand resting lightly on Will's thigh as they sipped coffees. This was what Will needed, what he liked. What he would miss if they ever parted.

"Did you ever… when I was your patient… Did… No, never mind." Words fell out before Will had even fully formed them. He stopped and cursed his dreams. They so often made him foggy and introspective. Hannibal always knew when Will had had a bad dream, though his full on nightmares no longer plagued him. He always seemed to know about these dreams too.

He wasn't sure what he had been thinking. Beyond of course the thought process triggered by the dream he'd had - the idea of having sex at work. The idea of being fucked over a table or a desk. And in his mind, as he replayed Galahad's expressions and sounds over, he definitely wanted to be the one being fucked in this scenario.

"Will?" Hannibal drew him from the thoughts that had captured him. "Did I ever what Will?" A soft smile somewhere between amused and concerned - which seemed a default for the

doctor when Will appeared out of sorts.

Will sucked in a breath. “In the spirit of honesty.” Will said, how many times had both of them used that phrase in the last six months? *In the spirit of honesty Hannibal, I really don’t like your homemade gourmet pizza. In the spirit of honesty Hannibal, I would prefer less teeth on my balls.* “When I was your patient did you ever fantasise about me…”

Hannibal’s lips quirked up into a smile that answered Will immediately. Will rolled his eyes.

“Ok, let me be specific. All the time we spent in your office… did you ever fantasise about us having sex there? About you… uh… you fucking me over your desk?”

Hannibal’s eyebrows shot up so fast Will was amazed he didn’t fall off his chair with the momentum. If it had been a cartoon they would have left his face completely and Hannibal would have made an audible gulp. Instead he lowered his eyebrows, righted his expression and cleared his throat.

“I’m sure that may have happened, yes. Why do you ask?” Hannibal answered slowly and resumed sipping his coffee - the poster child for composure, as usual.

“No reason.”

*

As the sun set, Will called Vincent to him and they began back towards the house. He had taken the dog on an especially long walk along the river in order to clear his head of the dream that had been haunting him all day. But instead it had just given him time and space to think - to imagine. And he could imagine a lot. The image of that office was burned into his mind, so it was easy to imagine Hannibal pushing him up against the ladder, pinning him down on the chaise. All too damn easy to imagine being fucked over the desk as Tristan had fucked Galahad over the Round Table.

By the time Will got back to their little house, he was on edge and in need of release. Although not yet hard, his blood was burning with lust. Even so, when he put Vincent in the kitchen with some food, he wasn’t even sure he was going to act on it, he didn’t always. But then he discovered Hannibal was in their study - the closest the doctor had to an office. Will felt like he was on autopilot as his feet took him to the door, already ajar, and he knocked.

“Will?”

He didn’t respond at first and suddenly felt foolish. But after a few moments he steeled himself and knocked again. He cleared his throat. “Sorry, I’m a little early for our appointment doctor… I could remain in the waiting room?”

There was a pause then that verged on too long and had Will regretting this absolutely ridiculous idea. Just as Will was about to head back to the river, and possibly drown himself, there came a reply.

“No Will, that’s fine. Please come in.”

Will's skin tingled and his heart raced as he entered then. From the book resting on the side table, it appeared Hannibal had been reading in one of the armchairs, but now he was behind his desk, hands clasped and looking up at Will. His face was the absolute picture of professional calm, with the exception of his eyes, which betrayed the almost aggressive hunger he felt. It was as Will clocked that look that his body reacted and his arousal became immediate.

Hannibal stood and moved around the desk, as Will had seen him do many a time in their past - having been finishing patient notes when Will arrived for his appointment. Will pushed down the flash of memories that brought - he had worked hard to resolve the conflicting feelings he had from those times. He instead focused on the man he knew now, the man who was devoted to him and who he loved.

"Shall we take a seat?" Hannibal indicated the chairs.

"I'd… Actually doctor, I think I'm more comfortable standing." Will walked to the desk and ran his finger along it.

"Very well." Hannibal replied. "This is your session Will. Is there anything specific you'd like to discuss."

Will assumed this was as good an opening as he was going to get in this impromptu role play he had surreally initiated. He licked his lips. "I'm concerned doctor, with some… inappropriate thoughts I've been having."

"Inappropriate? How so?" Hannibal was close to him now, not enough to be improper, but enough to set Will's skin tingling.

"I've been having fantasies doctor, about two Sarmatian knights-"Will cut himself short as he caught the slight and quickly hidden, knowing smile on Hannibal's face because of course Will was more sexually confident, adventurous even, after such dreams.

"Go on." Hannibal encouraged in a professional tone.

"They remind me of you and I."

"Yes, i believe you've mentioned them before. And of what did this fantasy comprise?" Hannibal's tone was all business and Will was once more amazed by the man's composure.

Contrarily, Will's mouth was dry and his throat ached. As his cock pressed hard against the confines of his pants he realised there was only so long he could keep this going for. He also had come to know many of Hannibal's buttons -

"The one that looks like you had my doppleganger bent over the Round Table as he fucked into him." He paused for the briefest moment, enjoyed the flicker in his lover's eyes and continued "And I wondered what that might be like in practice." He gave Hannibal that side on glance that his lover knew meant *Please*.

Hannibal cleared his throat: a betrayal from beneath his calm demeanor, they both knew. Will was tempted to look down and see whether Hannibal's pants now had a tent in them that mirrored his own, but knew he didn't have to.

"Will…" Hannibal breathed out his name and raised a hand to his face. Will leaned into it. They hadn't touched like this in the beginning - the casual intimacy that Will now enjoyed. It had taken him time to admit his desire for it. Longer than it had taken to admit his desire for Hannibal Lecter.

Will chuckled and tried to pull them back on track. "As I said doctor, inappropriate."

At that Hannibal's hand slipped from his cheek and around his neck, jerking him sharply into a hungry kiss. And then Hannibal was turning him to the desk so that Will was almost sat on it. Will returned the kiss, teeth and tongue fighting with passion, as his hands went to Hannibal's trousers and began undoing the belt. Hannibal mirrored the action moments later, pulling Will forward again by his belt. Hannibal was always better at this and Will's pants and underwear were down to his ankles before he had chance to react. He didn't think the doctor had necessarily had more practice; he was just hungrier. Hannibal broke the kiss and turned his attention to his own clothing. Pants and underwear pulled to his thighs, he grabbed Will roughly and turned him, pushing him to the desk.

Will went with a gasp but didn't resist. He moaned as he was pushed down. "Yes, Hannibal… please fuck me…"

That seemed to bring Hannibal back to his senses, and he stopped suddenly. The firm hand he had on Will's back holding him down, eased off and began caressing gently.

"I will need to prepare you first Will. I'll not injure you."

"I… I just…" Will felt desperate. He wanted *something*, needed it. He wanted Hannibal, but he didn't want to have to wait. He didn't want the preamble. "I don't mind no prepping, please…" his voice was almost a whine.

"I do." Hannibal's reply was flat and Will felt it in his gut.

A moment passed then, both panting but otherwise quiet, Will still bent to the desk with ass exposed.

And then Hannibal's hands grabbed his hips roughly and Will released a gasp, more of anticipation than of shock. He went pliant, allowed Hannibal to push him fully to the desk once more.

"Open your legs wider." The tone was soft but thick with lust.

Will felt a tremble through him and a pull of anticipation and anxiety in his gut. Being penetrated was something he still found a bit uncomfortable, this was going to be painful and he was suddenly unsure. It flashed through his mind to stop when he felt Hannibal behind him.

“What…” the word moaned out at the sensation.

“Close your legs Will….”

Will could feel Hannibal’s hard cock between his thighs. Below his ass and through, so that it sat beneath his own balls, pressed firm against them. It took him a moment to get his thoughts together and then he did as he was told and clenched his thighs tight together, causing a gasp from Hannibal.

And then Hannibal moved.

“Oh fuck!” the words escaped from Will’s mouth and his body went limp across the desk, moving with the motion of Hannibal’s body as he fucked between his thighs.

It wasn’t penetration but it was… it was *something*. It didn’t feel like a compromise. Will couldn’t fathom what it felt like. There was nothing that could come close to the act of having another person’s hard cock sliding between your thighs - causing friction against your own tightening sack.

Hannibal was pressed tight to him, their skin flush against each other, almost painfully so with the lack of lube.

Will was letting out gasps and moans, feeling close to the edge and overwhelmed by the new and unexpected stimulation.

He cried out in surprise when Hannibal reached a hand around and took him hand. The head of Hannibal’s cock pressing under his balls with each thrust, in time with the rhythm of Hannibal’s hand. He felt surrounded by the man in a way that he only usually did when there was penetration.

The sensation was overwhelming now and Will felt his legs go weak as though they might give way. To counter this he squeezed his thighs as tight as possible which drew a guttural noise from Hannibal.

“Will…” The doctor moaned his name as he came, hot and wet against Will’s balls. Will’s hand went to Hannibal’s, his attention to Will’s cock having waned slightly as he came. Will closed his hand over Hannibal’s and began to pump his cock. It only took a few short strokes before Will came with a grunt and collapsed fully onto the desk. Hannibal collapsing with him, covering his back.

Will’s shirt was uncomfortably rumpled and partially covered in his cum. He needed to move but wasn't sure his legs would work.

“That was…” Will panted out.

“Intercrural.” Hannibal supplied.

“I was going to say amazing.” Will chuckled lightly. “I've never… I didn't even…” He was unsure how to voice the feeling of discovery. As though they two were the first to ever experience this act.

Hannibal seemed to be aware of what he was getting at as he began “The ancient Greeks-” but cut himself off, perhaps realising - as Will had mentioned at least twice previously - that the supply of historical or medical information about a sex act they'd just enjoyed tended to break the mood.

Will chuckled again and started to consider how messy and uncomfortable it would be for them to go, trousers around ankles from the study to the bathroom. His thoughts were broken when Hannibal spoke -

“I think that's your hour up Will. I hope you found the session therapeutic.”

Will grinned as he slipped back into character. “immensely doctor. I don't believe you get paid nearly enough for your talents.”

Hannibal let out a fond murmur and pressed his lips to the back of Will’s neck.
“I wouldn't want to price myself out of employment.” Hannibal replied. Will shook his head at the levity of it, a smile despite the sudden tightness in his chest that Hannibal must have known was there. Gentle hands smoothed over him as he pulled himself back together and pressed the memories down. Wishing that this had been the past and not the painful memories in his head. He made his peace with them little by little. Built new memories with which to replace them.

He sighed softly as Hannibal pressed Lithuanian words of love and reassurance against his skin.

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